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THE HARVEST

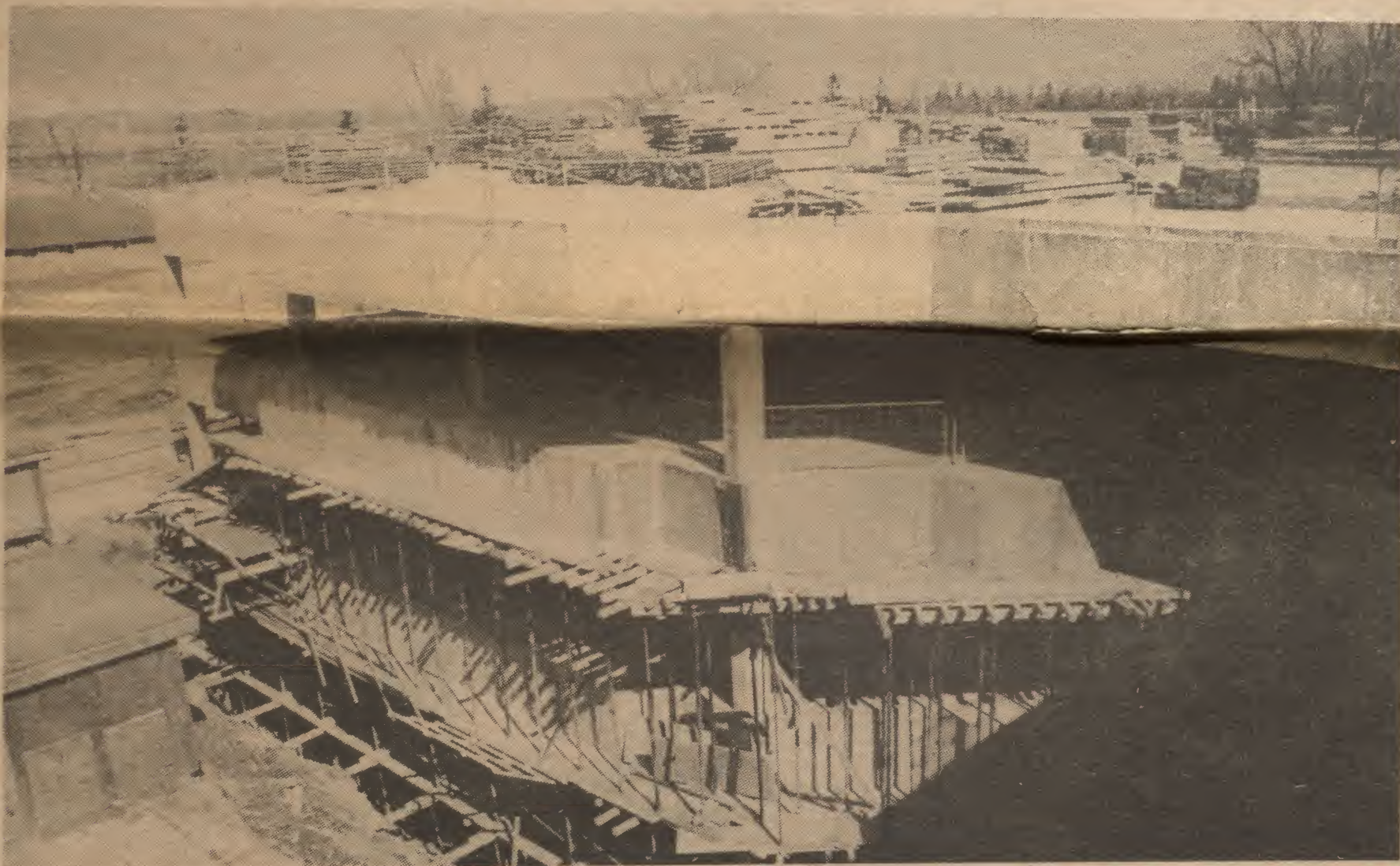
MACDONALD COLLEGE

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Construction may be halted

Future of Macdonald Building in Jeopardy



A view of the Macdonald Building troubled with bedrock faults

By Jan Deadman

Construction of the new 7 million dollar Macdonald Stewart Building may be halted within the next week, pending the outcome of final geological tests of the bedrock underlying the building. A spokesman for the company contracted to do the testing (Geotec Soundings Ltd.) said "There is a possibility that the bedrock is unstable, posing a threat to further construction". Geotec was asked to do the testing after it was discovered by one of the site workers that a number of extensive cracks had formed in

the foundations. (The foundations were completed late last year.) According to Geotec, the underlying bedrock is mainly basalt, which normally provides an excellent foundation bed.

However, preliminary tests have uncovered a series of igneous intrusions, formed by the consolidation of magma in fractures of the basaltic rock. Any amount of abnormal stress such as that exerted by a multi-storey building could cause enough internal stress to shear the basalt away from the igneous intrusion.

The company spokesman went on to say that the cracks discovered so far may not necessarily be due to the unstable bedrock formation, but may be caused merely by natural settling of the foundations. When the Harvest contacted the chief engineer for the construction project, M. Gaetan Castonguay, he stated, "no cracks appear in a foundation from natural settling, any fractures would arise from instability in the bedrock." When asked if he was aware of the nature of the bedrock prior to initiating

the project, he stated "We had been informed by our geological advisor that the rock was perfectly stable." However, he would not reveal the advising company's name. M. Castonguay also stated that if the results of the Geotec soundings indicate undeniably the presence of the unstable formation, then further construction would be "definitely unwise". "It" he went on to say, "could promote serious faults to appear." These faults could eventually lead to irregular subsidence of the bedrock, that would make it

impossible to complete the building in its present state.

Geotec has stated that the instability, if it is serious can be repaired by major reworking of the bedrock with carefully placed low-power dynamite blasts. Of course, this type of work cannot be carried out unless the presently half-finished structure is dismantled and removed from the site. A proposition such as this is basically infeasible considering the economic load it would create. The Harvest spoke to Dean Blackwood who stated "We are

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EDITORIAL

This being the last issue of the Harvest for this year, I would like to take the space to reflect and project my own feelings on this and next year's activities:

If a general trend existed in the activity of this year's students then it must surely be one of increased involvement in the College. Not to say that things were all rosy, for apathy was abundant at all levels (not only among the students).

Perhaps my observations have been from a somewhat biased point of view due to my position this year, but I am not alone in saying that activities and events of 1976-77 were attended by a greater number of students than usual for this college.

This was the year of the trippers; Texas trippers, Omaha trippers, Mardi Gras trippers, and the soon-to-be U1 Cross-Canada trippers. These tours generated a lot of interest amongst the students (as well as a lot of material for the Harvest!).

Interest in the new building and the future of Macdonald after the big move was down to sub-detectable level. Certain developments in that area should soon change all that.

Another change that will deeply affect the college will be the succession of Dean Blackwood by Dean Lloyd. Dr. Blackwood will be missed by many. But his accomplishments will continue to show. (He will be returning in a year to continue teaching). Dean Lloyd should certainly provide a different outlook for Macdonald.

Perhaps one of his biggest tasks will be to maintain the same "pride of association" with Macdonald that most students now feel, but especially to maintain it through the move to the new building, so that the structure becomes not just a concrete hulk, but a viable hub of Macdonald life. After all we don't need a large scale version of the Centennial Centre.

Hopefully, Dean Lloyd will undertake to implement some

of the recommendations put forth by the Academic Reforms Committee, and backed up by a good majority of students.

This would definitely set him in good stead with next year's students. No action on the survey has yet been taken by Dean Blackwood although it was submitted to him in February.

Elections this year once again proved that, yes, nobody likes student council. With an amazing 4 acclamations under their belts, next year's council may be able to merely appoint their successors, with no need for an election (who wants to get their cards punched anyway?).

On the less political side, the Wolf Program headlined itself in many newspapers and TV programs by killing everybody's favorite wolf, Martha. Enough said.

The Woodsmen proved that they are indeed the best of the lot, placing first overall in the 17th Annual Northeastern Intercollegiate Woodsmen Com-

petition. And it certainly wasn't Neil Stapensea's smile that won it for them.

Getting back to academics, I'll bet that every one of you found this year's workload to be a sudden departure from the easy-going "hand-it-in-when-you-like" attitude that has characterized Mac courses. It was no coincidence either. It seems that the big boys at McGill were getting a little upset at the ease with which a student could graduate with nary a single "D" on his transcript. Those of you who endured Piani Ecology know what I'm talking about.

I certainly can't close without mentioning the excellent job that this year's "Super Seven" pulled off at Winter Carnival. Never have I seen such a phenomenal turnout at the Carnival on the College. Perhaps this was the start of the way things are going to be here at Mac in the future.

The Harvest.....ah yes, my favorite topic. By hook and by crook we managed to produce an 8 page issue every two weeks to the great delight of all

you avid readers, and the dismay of the Council's pocket-book. Well they asked for a regular paper!

Restructuring of the whole production system has allowed the paper to be returned almost instantaneously, making it possible to print relevant, up-to-date news. Now if only we could get hold of some relevant up-to-date news.....

With the passing of this issue, you will also see the passing of me, I've had it.

So to replace me, and do a much better job, I present Sue Johnson. A keen alert, bright, and spunky young editor who loves to argue and can also write. She'll be needing lots of your help, so **please.....for the last time, hand in an article.** You'll make her very happy.

RE: the last editorial, I must make it clear that it was not written by me. The author wishes to remain anonymous. However I accept full responsibility for printing it.

Jan Deadman

Comment

Graduation doesn't seem so far off now, and I am looking forward to finally being able to walk across the Oval, but there is a definite feeling of regret, call it nostalgia if you will, at the passing of the "Old Mac". I've come to identify Mac with the solid tradition and permanent feeling of its buildings. Seeing the new building materialize has shaken this image.

Being completely selfish, I am glad that I am graduating this year — I don't think I would enjoy seeing the buildings completely overrun by John Abbott students. It's not that I have anything against them, but they just don't seem to give a damn about the place. The history and tradition means little or nothing to them.

The whole story is full of irony. The C.E.G.E.P. will have to renovate the buildings to suit their needs. Rumours include

the removal of the stained glass windows in the library. Can you imagine what the interior of these buildings are going to look like when they are finished? Then, at the same time, the Macdonald community, which loves the old buildings, is being relocated in a new, concrete building with windows that don't open, and nothing less than central air conditioning! It seems that no one is getting what they want, much less what they need.

I guess that all this is just crying over spilt milk, but I can't help feeling that we have been let down by the Stewart Foundation, and even more so by McGill. I hope that the "New Mac" generation preserves the great feelings of tradition and friendliness that make this College a really special place. A place which I, for one, will really miss.

A Kabbash

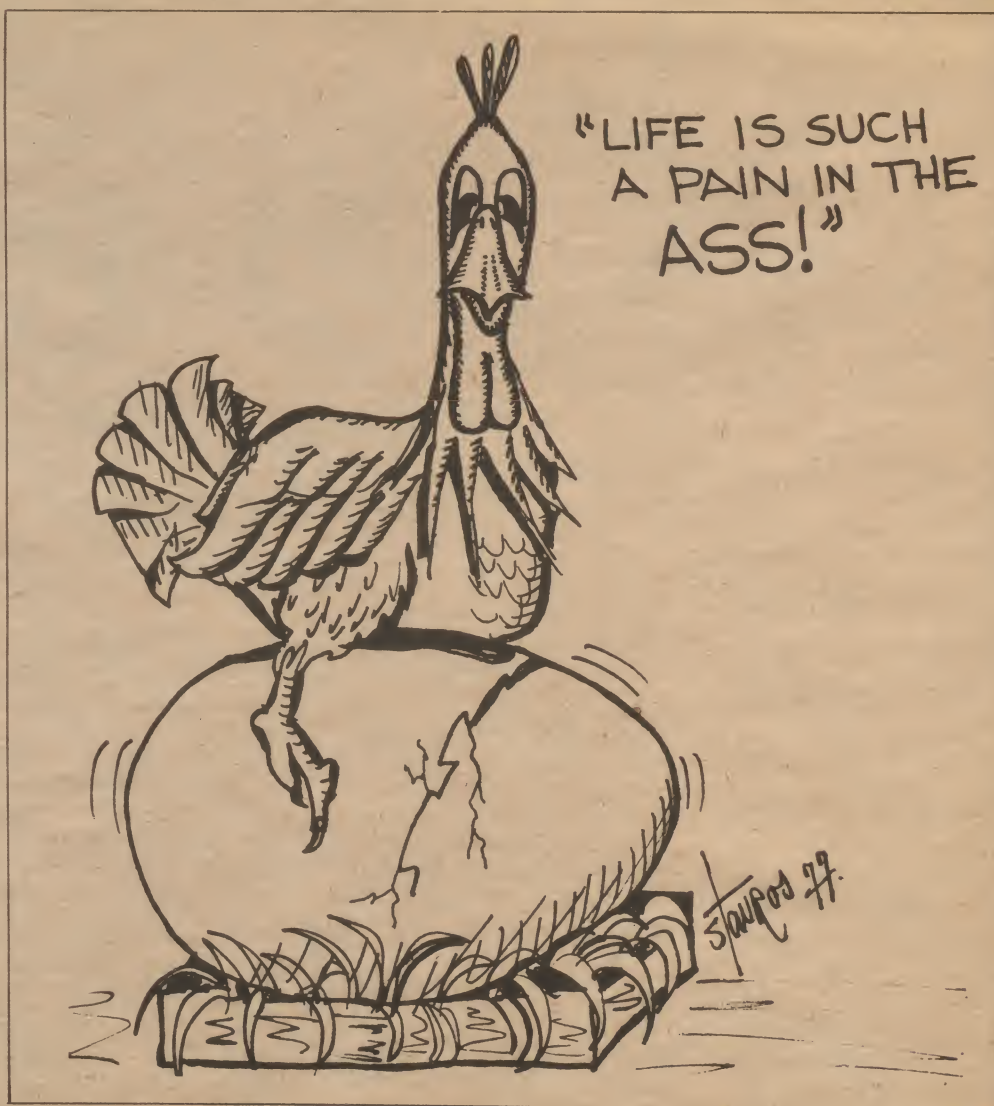
The Graduation: Ceremony After Endeavour

jumping out of his less dense head than
air - landing on a raindrop and
drowns before he hits the pavement.

Clouds disembark.

The sun comes out evaporating
the drop and leaving his shattered mind
shining like broken glass on the road.

Brian Pugh



THE HARVEST

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LETTERS

To the Editors:

We would like to comment on an article which appeared in the last issue of the Harvest, concerning the state of soil science at Macdonald College.

As students, we are interested in finding out whether the article reflects the feelings of all students participating in the courses mentioned, or is it an editorial comment in which the authors are speaking for themselves and - or few others.

Secondly, we feel that at the university level of education, an individual's interests and enthusiasm should motivate study rather than study being generated by an instructor. Is the job of the instructor not to present information which can then be assessed by the student?

This leads to the question of indoctrination, which in the sense used in the article, implies the inability on the part of the students to be discriminating about the material presented. On this campus, probably more than on any other in Canada, information is available on "organic agriculture" or "ecological agriculture" to those who wish to assess it. It is perhaps not necessary that this assessment be given in course "101" in soil science.

As soil scientists, we heartily agree with the suggestions that more courses in soil science be offered, although not necessarily on the specific topics outlined by them. A glance at the relative number of staff employed in, for example, the Animal Science department, as compared to Soil Science should give ample reason for the relatively small number of courses available in the latter discipline.

We are somewhat at a loss understand why the authors are on one hand, calling for more specialized courses in soil science and on the other hand suggesting a removal of one soil specialty (Soil Fauna Ecology) by merging it with introductory soils. Such a move would surely reduce the information available rather than increase it.

Finally, we wish to comment on the question of bias in course contents. A glance at any university course outline will indicate that the interests and expertise of the instructor are emphasized. Surely, as professors are hired as experts in their own particular field, it is not unreasonable to expect them to give information to that field. If bias exists in the teaching of soils on campus, perhaps it is a reflection more of lack of staff rather than a deliberate selection of information.

Denise Neilsen
Gaetan DuPlessis

Dear Sir:

I am reluctant to take much notice of the myriad of reform ideas hatched in the intense pressure of the period just prior to final exams. However, a recent article concerning Soil science at Macdonald has proved too tempting to ignore.

In this article, the authors detailed a list of favourite topics which apparently, much to their

dismay, were not extensively treated in various soil courses. Their contention seemed to be based upon a realization that they would not know everything there was to know about soils by having a number of six digit soils courses ending in A or B on their McGill transcript. Their solution seemed to involve a combination of arbitrary additions of key topics (at the expense of what other topics or other student interests is never made clear) and a marked expansion in courses offered by Soil Science. Although I would agree that Soil Science could certainly use an increase in funds and staffing that would justifiably add to Macdonald expertise in this very important segment of Agriculture, several other aspects of the letter puzzle and even frighten me.

Do the authors imply that lectures should be delivered dripping with enthusiasm? Should how things are said take precedence over what is said? Should most respect be paid to the people saying the nicest things?

Do the authors wish to merely substitute one set of topics for another? Do they imply that it is alright to have thoughts provided they cover certain topics?

Sincerely, Gerald Neilsen
Student - Soil Science

Dear Editor,

Your article of March 21st in the Harvest concerning Soil Science was welcome, as the opinion of two members of the student body. Before we react to your comments, it would be appropriate to ask others who wish to express their ideas on the teaching of soil science. Perhaps if we had a good cross-section of student opinion, we could respond more adequately, and enter into a debate on the role of University training in soils.

We are pleased professionally, to see this letter. It means that students are interested in the debate of what constitutes a University education. Let us state our point of view.

A University deals with knowledge, with ideas. Courses are offered to expose students to knowledge but by no means everything is covered in course. Students come to learn, not to be filled with the contents of courses. It follows that a large number of courses do not result in better exposure, and probably result in less learning. The basic framework of a discipline, which is the guide which a student needs in order to learn, can be given in a few course. Additional courses are set up to employ large staffs or to prevent students from having the opportunity of learning in other disciplines. It is not only easy to graduate with a vague understanding of a discipline, it has been done for years by students not interested in learning.

Lecturers teaching courses spend only a small part of the course time (usually less than one lecture) on those aspects of the subject in which they are especially interested. It should come to no surprise that the course does not concentrate on

a particular interest which one or more students may have. These particular interests must be developed in other ways; fortunately we have at Macdonald a number of ways in which such interests can be developed.

Theory and application are taught in different courses in different proportions depending upon the discipline and the instructor. A student interested only in practice should enroll in the Diploma course. We probably do not explain to our students the differences between Diploma and Degree courses, and the relative advantages of each. It is, by the way, incorrect to say that Macdonald is known for its practical approach to agriculture — in a comparison of Canadian Faculties the opposite is true. What Macdonald is known for is the tremendous practical impact of the very good fundamental work done here.

Students who graduate with a good background in principles are able to make contributions to practical agriculture. This is what soil science graduates have done and continue to do.

The three teaching staff in soils offer 11 undergrad courses now (Animal Science with 12 profs offer only 16) and have an average student contact of 115 compared to the Faculty average of about 40, so new courses require new staff. This is the Dean's problem, and we hope the Harvest brings this to his attention. We certainly will.

We offer 11 course in the Department, but there are at least 7 others on the campus related to soils; soil microbiology, soil fauna ecology, field management, soil mechanics, engineering for land development, land assessment, etc. The student has 51 credits of primary and free electives in which to acquire these course. If anything, soils majors suffer from over specialization when it comes to the job market at the B.Sc level. UBC offers 21 credits of undergraduate soils and U of Manitoba 8 courses, which seems to fall in line with our offerings. Also UBC has 9 Soils profs, Manitoba 10. Other provinces were not sampled as current calendars have been removed from the library.

More staff — yes; more courses — maybe. We think Soil Chemistry and Fertility should be considered for expansion into two courses. Other than that should we add to the absurdity of 300 courses for 737 students? From experience we know our grads do well in their careers. How much should we tamper with success?

B.P. Warkentin
A.F. MacKenzie

Dear Sir,

I am a third year student at Macdonald College and I am writing the letter to you from the basement stacks. What I want to know is — do I have to graduate? I have all my credits and in half a week will be a graduate. But do I have to graduate? I like it here. I don't have lots of friends but I like the stacks. I like the smell of the basement. And the people are so mean out there. Look, I went to ask for a job last week at manpower and it was scary (I

hate leaving the gates) she, the secretary asked me to fill out a form that demanded of me my name number and other very personal information. I'm scared sir. I don't know what to do when the guard comes down on April 22 and asks me to leave for the last time. Please Help me!!!!

Sincerely yours,
Alex Schmenk

Listen Alex, don't spread it around, but there's a place for people like you. In it everyone wears white coats and no one does much work and all is fun fun fun. Its called a masters program. [P.S. On April 22 if all else fails, hide in the stacks for the night right near the newspapers.....I've known people who've been living there for 2 years].

Ed.

Dear Ed,

It is so reassuring to know that the Stewart Cafeteria is trying to increase the nutritional value of my lunch by adding extra protein. Why just the other day I found, free of charge, a hexapod, class Insecta, in my salad. Thanks Stewart, but I'll settle for a grilled cheese sandwich.

Marian Lederman
UI Dietetics



arrow points to crack in foundation

Building from Page 1

faced with a dilemma; either we proceed with the construction and risk upsetting the bedrock, or we stop and rebuild the whole structure. No matter which alternative is decided on, we will have to shoulder the enormous costs that each would incur." As to where the money would come from, should the results prove positive, Dean Blackwood could not say, "we cannot afford any changes in the present construction plans."

Stanley Hammond, a representative of the Stewart Foundation which is presently funding construction, refused to comment on the situation when contacted by the Harvest, "We'd prefer to wait until the conclusive results of the geological tests are known before making a public statement."

The problem of faulty bed-

rock is not unique to the Macdonald Stewart Building. Prior to the planning of the new building, John Abbott College had initiated geological testing for their new sports complex on a site between the Chemistry wing of the Main Building and the Macdonald High School. The Geotec company was responsible for the sounding work. They came up with similar data on the bedrock as for the Macdonald Building's site. Results of the geological survey indicated structural weaknesses in the rock underlying the site. M. Castonguay of the Macdonald projects claims that his company was "unaware of the the findings of Geotec" on the sports complex site. He elaborated, saying that his geological advisors had in the past built up a reputation for accurate, competent work, claiming, "I had no reason to doubt their findings before starting construction."

The Council Fiasco

By Elsa Stanley

I have attended a lot of Student Representative Council meetings in my time but never, **Never** before last night have I attended such a circus. For months I have been trying to figure out what one can do for entertainment at Macdonald College. Well, folks, I've found the answer — attend a S.R.C. meeting! Even at Junior High School council meetings I've attended, the chairperson made sure that parliamentary procedures were followed. Neil Stapensea made little effort to control the three or four students who were monopolizing the meeting. Nor did he encourage those who were chit-chatting or just sitting there picking their noses to get involved in the business at hand.

At one point early in the meeting, it was required that members vote on who of the six applications received would fill the five positions on the Centennial Centre Committee. The applications were read amid much laughter and interruptions of, "Oh you know him, he's an asshole." It was finally decided that it would be easier to vote for the one person that the members didn't want on the committee than the five that they did. Then after the vote, Danny Bellefontaine informed the others that really there was more than just one person of the six that he didn't want to see on the committee. The others agreed, so there was another vote to bump another person off, on the assumption that next year some bright, young U1 will want to fill the vacant position.

Jack Sadler brought up the issue of financing the Land Planners' trip to Omaha to the tune of \$250 when the budget is in the red by \$2500. His question "How come it wasn't known that there was no money?" should have demanded a great deal of attention but unfortunately Jack's timing was off. He was trying to speak while the coffee and donuts were being passed (thrown?) around, so his question went unanswered before someone else asked a supposedly more important question: "Who took my donut? You prick! You took my donut!"

Jack tried again: "What bills are outstanding that we can't put a definite price on?" Answer: "Hey, can someone pass me a chocolate covered donut?" "Lawyer's fees."

Astrid Norquay asked what I thought was a very important question: why can't figures be estimated for costs and revenues? A partial answer was that no one, including the registrar's office, Board of Governors and McGill seems to know how many students there are registered at Macdonald College. Everyone has a different number. I wouldn't think that that would be so hard to find out and it's certainly important information to have, but for some reason it has always been impossible to get agreement on one figure.

However, right after discussing the fact that no one knows the size of the student population and thus there is no way to estimate expected revenues to

the S.R.C. budget, Danny Bellefontaine asked if there should be a referendum on the raising of student society fees (i.e. activity fees). He pointed out that the budget has been overspent by \$2500. Also, he stated that most of the student society money has gone to paying salaries and that activities have actually been financed by the profits (\$5000 this year) from the bookstore which should rightfully be going into the C.C. coffers. Danny also argued that the fees (\$9.00 a term) have not been raised since 1964.

Now, for some reason, the main topic of discussion moved to whether or not the student's representative council should be running the bookstore since the S.R.C. takes the profits. Louise McDonald felt that the S.R.C. should be able to demand more efficiency in the operations of the bookstore since \$5000 a year is lost to theft (Did you catch that all you pencil snatchers and book lifters? \$5000) and \$5000 is

lost to obsolescence. The decreased bookstore costs would have meant close to \$10,000 more for the S.R.C.

Danny's contention was that the bookstore is really none of S.R.C.'s responsibility. The bookstore should come under the C.C. and C.C. under S.R.C.

Back to the issue of increasing fees. (Listen folks, if you think this article is disorganized, you should have been at the meeting.) Danny Bellefontaine felt that the amount of increase should be based on the amount of projected losses over the next couple of years. He said that despite the fact that Dean Mirza transferred \$2000 from student services funds to student society funds, the S.R.C. budget is still overspent by \$2500. Therefore, next year the council could be \$4500 "in the hole". Also, next year \$5000 from the bookstore will go to C.C. not council and \$8000 for salaries will be financed by student services instead of student society.

No one seemed to know how much money was needed for next year, where money was to go, where money was going to come from or how many students would be paying student society fees next year. Despite this confusion there was eagerness to raise the fees.

Most council members just assumed they could use more money and they'd have to put it to a referendum now so they could have it for the fall. They were more concerned with how great an increase the students would accept in the referendum than they were in finding out how great an increase they were going to need to stay in the black next year. They voted, with insufficient information, in favor of having a referendum asking for a \$5.00 increase in student society fees. It is my belief that those representatives who did not abstain, voted irresponsibly because they didn't have the necessary information on which to base a decision.

Fortunately, Tuesday morning a handful of council members who could see the importance of the matter, sat down with the books and, after much calculation, estimated a budget deficit of \$4170. Revenues come from the "Approximately" 800 students who pay student society fees. Divide 800 into 4170 and you amazingly come up with a 5. What a fluke, eh? Boy, your reps may not have brains but they at least have luck.

Although your representatives didn't have information before they voted, you should. If you haven't read the Mouthpiece or you didn't attend the open student society meeting on March 31, then make sure you talk to your rep or any other council member to find out for yourself why you should be paying more for student society fees. Then, for your own sake, get out there on Tuesday, April 5 and vote "yes".

A Tribute to our outgoing executive council

By Pierre Beauchamp

As an academic year crawls (or speeds) to an end, the executive of student's council give their reports on the past year's accomplishments. As an observer of the goings on in the C.C. during the past year, I decided I would tell my side of the story; it's less dramatic but more true to life.

One of the most popular and obvious figures on campus is our internal V.P. Danny, better known as Bella-Bella. Ever since I saw Danny peddling information to bewildered U1 students about orientation last September, I knew something was up. There was Danny talking semi-nonsense while (nervously?) walking about not going anywhere. Then during the concert he bravely got up to the microphone to announce the results of the Mac Highland Games. Funny enough things began to change on campus. (I wonder how long that Orientation poster bearing a Playboy centerfold borrowed from Jim Feeny lasted in the Agr. building.) Then you saw Danny at the pre-beatles sock hop, unrecognizable with T-Shirt, sunglasses and brylcreem playing cool-pool and doing some dog style pie eating, a contest only he could win.

Often, while going from Mrs. Blondin's office to Mrs. Vauthier to my office, you could hear a properly-tuned belch and immediately know who was around. Another amazing sight is seeing Danny getting a brainstorm for posters while frantically pacing like an expectant father around Mrs. Brown nearly driving her mad. One event that particularly stands out in my mind (perhaps describing him best) happened last Friday at Happy Hour. Quite unexpectedly, the Bar

Disco was packed with Mac Students, mostly U3, recuperating from grueling project interrogations. There, in the far corner of the bar sat Danny and a three year old friend "discussing horsies". Laid out on the bar was a blanket with pink, blue, and green horses, a beer for the (more mature?) elder and coke for the youngest. Later with great pride the little boy image in Danny said "I've accomplished something. Now the kid can say beer." One must give him credit for a fertile imagination and catch enthusiasm. Who will ever forget at the Founder's day concert, when he sang along in "The Indian Love call" and later turned on the charm for Rebecca Stewart. A many faceted enthusiasm, always ready to help, when at sub-zero Fahrenheit temperatures he offered to give my car a boost for which I thank him, although his car almost needed one. He's coming back to Mac next year and is student rep. on McGill Senate.

Quite the opposite in character is our treasurer Brian. who? Unlike Joe Clark, Brian has character; you just don't see him very often. He comes into his C.C. office through the back door in the wee hours of the morning, when even Mrs. Vauthier isn't up yet, and dashes out picking up the Mouthpiece to Main. The only way you can tell he's been in is the presence of his lunch sitting on the corner of his desk. Where does he go all this time? All to the despair of Mrs. Brown who was always trying to get the C.C. staff cheques signed on Monday mornings twice a month. Then, come four-thirty, you'd see Brian sitting at the vacant desk behind Mrs. Brown's waiting for his sister Susan, a JAC student. Mrs.

Brown couldn't believe she was related to Brian. Two completely different characters truly. Brian is usually quiet and listens more than he speaks. Is this a sign of wisdom or something else? Still it's just a matter of getting him to talk, especially when you go for a beer at the Manoir on a Tuesday night.

A not so typical local "bloke", Brian has been with his French Canadian girlfriend for three years.

Louise is our external V.P. and Woman's lib excuse of feminist. A true Scottish McDonald character who has been after me to spell her name right on the Bar-Disco schedule. Oddly enough she gets along quite well with Danny. Louise seemed to be the tight end of the executive usually finishing unfinished business. Starting from scratch this year, accomplishing major feats in getting the right decals on the right sweat shirt and telling Ken Bowe to get moving or well sue.

One thing that still amazes me is the changes from Louise the animal scientist, being pushed around by cows more than she pushes 'em around, to Louise the Bar-Disco waitress, to Louise the all-dressed up, ready to kick off Fall Royal. Let me tell you though, cows don't push her around for long, and neither does anybody else.

The most vulnerable member of council this year was no doubt, the president. With his wide Jimmy Carter toothy grin, something he wired up last summer, Neil "landed" a spot in a porno movie. Those guys in land planning sure plan ahead.

His presence was not widely felt at the first open Student Society meeting when he had to go for some wiring job of some kind. The same presence

was also felt at the last open meeting when he went for another job for a potato company somewhere in Swampyland.

Although he lived in one of Brittain Hall's better suites, Neil seemed to get very little sleep. While working as junior supervisor at the Bar-Disco he always complained of being tired. It makes you wonder what a porno star does at night.

Rumor has it that Neil is also a member of our ever-loved Woodsman team. One wonders if he stars in the cheerleading section since you never hear of his accomplishments. However his famous smile doesn't seem to appeal to everyone, notably one Rebecca, seen at the Founder's Day dinner. Ah yes, a great diplomat our Neil. After being left alone on the dance floor by Neil, Rebecca went back to tell Danny: "What a drip". "Well daddy ain't never gonna hear about him now" said Danny upon seeing Rebecca tearing up Neil's address and phone number. (and he complains to Mrs. V. that he has no girlfriend!)

All together our executive council has been pretty together this year and a lot of fun has risen out of this group. One thing was the Happy Hour Social Graces Club arising from the Founder's day events. The speakers never made those speeches but Happy Hour crowds have mysteriously materialized. Well, council had fun while working; it showed and everyone wanted to be in on it. Let's make sure that next year's council will accomplish as much and have as much fun in the process. With loony people like Jack, Paul, Steve, Frances and me on council next year, we might all end up at the funny farm.

College Royal Faces Deficit

—a new breed of milking cows—Students

Last September the Quebec Provincial Plowing Association (QPPA) & the Canadian Plowing Association held their plowing match and machinery show on the Macdonald College Campus. Both the Fall Royal and the Plowing match were held together so each could mutually benefit. At the time everyone seemed happy with the situation but now after 6 months things have gone from bad to worse and it is the students who are paying the price of a \$762.85 deficit.

A meeting was held March 16, 1977 to discuss our deficit with the board of directors of the QPPA. When we left we were no further ahead than when we entered, so we have again written a letter to the President and all the members of the board of directors of the QPPA to explain our situation. Here is a copy of the letter:

Dear Mr. Besner,

Following our meeting with the Plowing Match Association on March 16, 1977, we would like to clarify the position of the Fall Royal Committee concerning our deficit of \$762.85.

During the course of the summer it was suggested to the Fall Royal Committee that we could be in charge of the parking of cars as a money-making proposition. There was a verbal agreement between the Fall Royal Committee and college members of the QPPA that the money would be split 75% to the association and 25% to the college with a minimum estimate of 4000 parked cars.

With our revenue the Fall Royal Committee was going to pay the student help and run one bus between the Plowing Match and the main campus.

We were advised by members on the plowing association to increase the number of buses to 3 or 4 and that if any deficit occurred it would be covered by the plowing association.

From estimates given by your association a minimum intake of money from parking would have been \$4000. This would have been divided \$3000 to the association and \$1000 to the Royal committee. We were going to divide our sum, \$400 in salaries and \$600 for buses respectively. However only 1321 cars at \$1 each were parked. The total revenue was \$1321 and after division our assets were \$330.25 while the association's assets were \$900.75. The expenses incurred were \$493.10 for salaries and \$600 for transportation for a total of \$1093.10. The over-budgeting of \$93.10 in salaries was due to incorrect advice and poor planning from the responsible member for the parking on the plowing match committee. Our total assets were \$330.25 from the total revenues which left us with a deficit of \$762.85. In early December 1976, we had a meeting with a member of your association who wrote us a cheque for \$381.42 to lower our deficit to \$381.43. We were advised to meet the Board of Directors, who he felt would help us to cover the remaining deficit.

The Fall Royal Committee does not consider this matter closed. The original proposition put forth by a member of the association at the meeting of March 16, 1977, recommended that 75% of the revenues would go to the Fall Royal Committee and 25% to the association. This was not voted on. The proposal that was voted on: to see the college

administration to cover the deficit, we feel is unfair. We do not feel that the association members fully understand our situation. We therefore request a meeting with your association at your earliest convenience.

Yours Truly
Paul Thomassin
Chairman, Fall Royal

We are now waiting for another meeting with the board of directors to try again, to get our money. However, we would like to comment on a few issues which we think had a very large impact on our negotiating powers.

At the meeting of March 16, we were informed a day earlier that it was being held at Macdonald College. At this point we were told by Martin Van Lierop that the association would be pleased to meet us at a designated time. The day of the meeting he told us to meet the board at 12 noon. This was definitely not an opportune time since by then they had food, not business on their minds. We were then told upon entering the meeting that we were to speak french only, no english to the board. We do not feel this is applicable since this college is english, but to get our point across, french was spoken. From our two delegates, one was able to handle the explanation in french.

Just a note here on how these men run a meeting. We were introduced by Martin Van Lierop but not to the individual members. We still don't know who chaired the meeting, who the president was, etc. As far as we know, no minutes were taken of the meeting.

After our situation was explained it was open for discussion. Most members seemed to understand our position and were ready to cover our deficit except two. These two were college employees on the board of directors, Martin Van Lierop and Rudy Dallenbach.

Throughout the summer Martin Van Lierop represented the plowing match and had constantly assured us that all deficits of buses and salaries would be covered by the QPPA and not to worry, since a minimum of 4000 cars would cover our costs and that 10,000 cars would probably come. However, a deficit occurred and now he does not seem so eager to cover it. The problem here is that he took the responsibility of guaranteeing us no deficit but is not responsible enough to fulfill his guarantee. In a meeting in early December he seemed to pass of this responsibility by saying that the plowing match made the Royal a success and that this was a small price to pay. However, after much debate he wrote us a cheque for \$381.42 to cover half our deficit and said to get the rest at the next meeting. After the March 16 meeting the QPPA now want their \$990.75, their cut of the revenues, and the \$381.42 cheque back.

Now Rudy Dallenbach comes into the picture a few weeks before the plowing match, since he is the farm manager. He and a student, Dan McKinnon were responsible for setting up the parking areas. In the planning of the preparations, Dan was worried because of the limited advice given to him. At the beginning there were to be two parking lots and one reserve parking

lot, but come the day of the competition, there was only one. Again problems occurred at the last minute with who was going to rope off areas etc. Dan then had to hire more people to get this done early one morning.

During the meeting Rudy Dallenbach voiced loud opposition on the grounds that the \$600 deficit for the buses should be paid by the Fall Royal because we took the risk and lost. However, he was not informed, I presume, that Martin had assured us that our deficit would be covered. Martin, we believe just doesn't want the QPPA to part with their money to pay us. Rudy Dallenbach then moved at the meeting that the administration (i.e. the Dean) pick up the deficit. We do not feel this is correct since it was the Fall Royal Committee and the QPPA who were involved and the administration has nothing to do with it. It should also be remembered that the dean has already paid for part of the Royal.

Throughout it all we feel that it is the college that looks bad since we are trying to get money off the QPPA and it is Rudy Dallenbach and Martin Van Lierop who are providing the opposition.

Maybe some valuable lessons have been learned by members of the Fall Royal Committee. Being inexperienced we trusted members of our own college staff to give us proper information and to stand behind us. From now on we'll accept nothing unless it is put in writing and signed by a responsible person.

By The Fall Royal Committee

BAR-DISCO

SCHEDULE FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL

Mac Night only:

Wednesday — Apr. 6 — 8 p.m.-2 A.M.

Thursday — Apr. 7 — 8 P.M.—12 P.M.

Friday — Apr. 8 — Closed Good Friday

Saturday — Apr. 9 — Closed Easter Weekend

Thursday — Apr. 14 — Closed For Exams

Friday — Apr. 15 — 8 P.M.—2 A.M.

Saturday — Apr. 16 — 8 P.M.—2 A.M.

Weekend of 28—29—30

**Open For Regular Hour
Summer Management**

Weekend of 21—22—23

**closed for Cleaning and
Inventory**

**Come and Celebrate the End of A Grueling
Academic Year Wednesday April 6th.**



ECOLIFESTYLES

By Elaine Vininsky

Last Wednesday (March 23) marked the end of the second year of the Ecological Lifestyles seminar series. The main themes of the eleven seminars presented were nutrition, the family farmer and the conversion from chemical to biological agriculture.

The season commenced November 3. Michael Gertler lectured on "A Comparison of 14 Pairs of Organic and Conventional Farms in the U.S. Corn Belt." One of his main points raised was that both types of farms are equally mechanized, and although in

the conventional farms, yields are often 10% higher than its paired biological farm, the latter is much less energy intensive. This equalizes the compared profits in the long run.

Professor Alan Watson spoke on biological weed control the use of host-specific insects and pathogens to combat plant pests as an alternative to herbicides and fungicides.

Daryl McLaughlin of the National Farmer's Union in New Brunswick talked on the corporate giant and family farmer (McCain's). While his talk was limited to New Brunswick, the macrocosmos is the

Cont. on Page 7

College to Incorporate Drama into Programs

Pierre Beauchamp

Due to the success last month of the on location filming of *Ilsa; the Terror of Siberia*, the college Administration is to add Drama Instruction to its existing academic programs for next year. A spokesman for the Macdonald College Academic Content Committee stated yesterday that the course would attempt to give drama instruction in conjunction with the student's existing program. An attempt would be made to guarantee each student of Macdonald College an extensive knowledge of all the ins and outs of the acting profession. The decision was made due the high potential of employment in the film industry.

Dr. Knows speaking for the committee stated "after all it is in the best interests of all the students to stay closely linked to the job market. It is a well known fact that the Hollywood Epic Film Industry is picking up and the large number of jobs available was demonstrated last month." Dr. Knows was referring to the film *Ilsa: Terror of Siberia* that provided jobs for 450 students, faculty and townspeople. The set, which included the Macdonald College Farm, Arboretum, and the Wild life Office (indoor scenes) was constructed to resemble a concentration camp. So realistic and large was the project that many people were alarmed because they thought the fences were part of an English internment problem

The entire cast was hired from Macdonald Students except for the female lead role which was played by the well known Hollywood star, Dyanne Thorne. Because the film was basically a social comment on life in Russian Concentration Camps the producer decided that the Student in his dress and way of life offered a rare opportunity to provide some realistic character studies. The title role was finally given to student Society President Neil Stapensea after extensive screening. The director felt, according to reports that Neil had the special qualities required for this type of symbolic film. The press agent responded by saying "He was the best equipped of all the actors screened, for this type of film."

Other major parts of the film, that prompted the new drama Dept., were those played by Raymond Perron, Mike Gillingham, Ted Angen, Carole St. Charles. Raymond Perron portrays a Russian woodcutter who meets Ilsa deep in the Siberian woods. The following scenes are so filled with tense, hard, emotional activity, that one critic was quoted as saying, "Never has so much been done to so little." He was referring to the amount of expertise the director was able to get of Ray — a first time actor. Mike Gillingham portrays a Wildlife Biologist who meets Ilsa deep in the Siberian woods, right after her experience with the woodsman. She is in great pain. Mike comforts her and shows her some of the wonders of nature. Carole St. Charles

plays a microbiologist who meets Raymond Perron and Mike deep in the Siberian Woods and learns all about making fire and wild animals. Ted Angen portrays a waiter who meets Ilsa deep in the Siberian woods and is asked for service. Carole portrays a broomball player who meets Ilsa deep in the Siberian woods and is brought to the camp to entertain the prisoners.

The college administration, overwhelmed by the job potential of this low budget family film, feels now that it is best to be prepared. The Woodsmen's teams will finish each practice with an hour of Ballet instruction. The new department will reportedly try to prepare students for the "high employment films" such as *Ilsa*. Students will be instructed in synchronization with their regular program. ie. An animal science student will be able to take The Dramatics of Swine Production (I). Here he will be taught not only the methods of insemination and farrowing but how to portray there, the grunts, the groans. These skills may come in handy in many films. Some movies may even use Macdonald students where they might need well trained farm animals to perform complicated acts.

As for Neil Stapensea, to whom we owe the initial break through, apparently he is getting prepared to star in a picture out east as an Agricultural Supervisor who does some funny things to potatoes. A flick no one will miss, I'm sure.

Foiled Again

Thursday last, the future seemed bright and full of promise. This would be the weekend that would make up for a term-full of procrastination and dragging of feet. Placing my right hand on my statistics book and pressing the sacred calculator fervently to my lips, I bowed thrice to the East, and swore on bended knee to say 20 analysis of variances five times daily and partake of chi square and water upon rising. Though I walked in the valley of mean squares and the dreaded standard deviant Said Fanous would protect me.

But by Thursday night the forces of darkness were upon me. There were rumours that wild Bacchanal nights were being planned for this weekend. Tightening my belt and girding my calculator to my hip I prepared to fight long and hard for my honour but I knew I was lost when a young warrior fresh from battle in the pits of the B-Disco informed me that

he was coming over for a sauna at 3:00 in the morning. So much for Thursday night. "But" I cried, "all is not lost for I have just begun to fight, there is always Friday, Saturday and Sunday."

But, no, the Spirit of Mac was against me....it was U-2 Irish Pub Night on Friday. The evil one's spies had discovered the secret of my ancestry - Irish blood was singing in my veins. The temptation was too strong. The sound of Swampie fiddling and the melodious crooning of the golden locked Thomas Ladd drew me irresistibly. And what a night! The mead was flowing and Macdonald feet were flying.

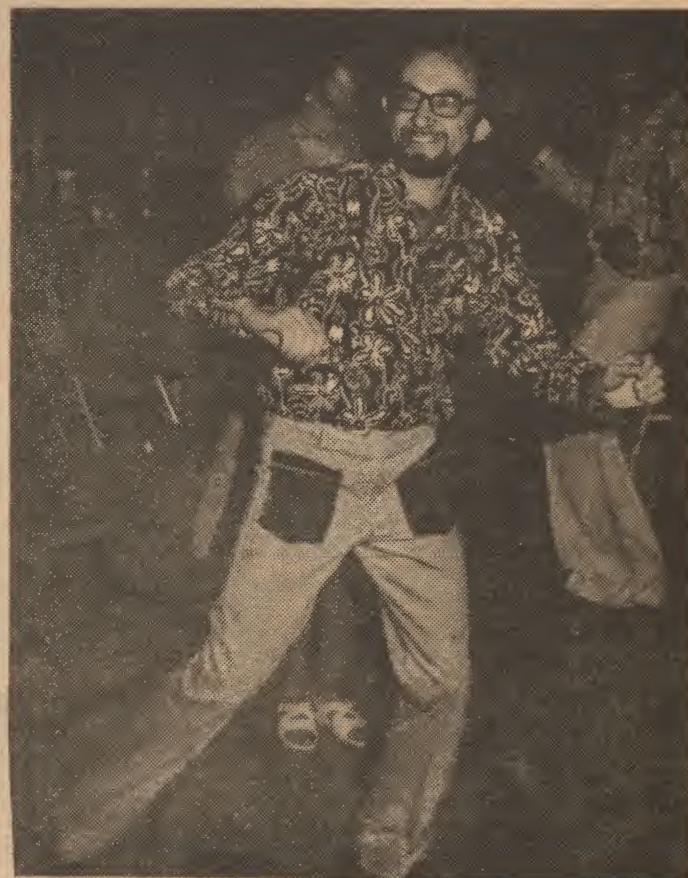
Saturday would be the day of penitence, up at 7:00 and nose in the books. But rising, weary of body and mind at 12:00 noon - things did not look good for our heroine. All was not lost however, until the Swampie next door arrived on the false pretext of helping me with my Soils Lab. But I knew he was one of the enemy. My suspicions were confirmed

when he sought to distract me with such nefarious activities as water fights and shadow paintings. Needless to say, not one iota of work got done.

Were they satisfied with their evil work?? They were not! After all it was Saturday night. The Caribbean dance of course. I was dragged off screaming to a pre-dance party where I was forced to consume quantities of rum punch made by that satanic farmer from Illinois—a little rum, a little seaweed extract....

After being reduced to a suitably sodden state I was swept away by Stuart (Fred Astaire) Hill to bop and bounce along with some 300 other victims to the most exquisite calypso and reggae—a steel band no less. All the while being plied with that famous Bellefontaine punch, rotis and good old Canadian beer. I tell you, they had no mercy. I was finished. Sunday I didn't even bother getting up.

I hereby swear that next weekend....Oh no, we're going to Quebec city! I give up.



Stuart (Fred Astaire) Hill

What a good time!



Food Magic

Have the food faddists or the food establishment's front men prepared today's dinner for you? Or has your choice of foods been predetermined by your mother's choice, or her mother? Don't 'wholesome' foods have the power to make you whole and are not eating habits the path to happiness, health, and long life?

Louise Miner, Anne Marie de Passillé, and Mary Thomson, the panel of speakers for the March 23 Ecological Lifestyles Seminar entitled "Magical Foods for Health", answered such beliefs skeptically. Although impressive claims have been put forward about the benefits of 'Health Foods', vitamin supplementation, and particular diets, evidence from strictly controlled experiments doesn't exist. The importance of nutrition and eating habits has only recently gained the public's attention.

Mega-vitamin consumption, such as Vitamin E, heads the controversy. For instance, Vitamin E can be readily obtained from eating whole grain breads, margarine, or whole grain cereals. Just 5 mg. for children

Land Use: Tough Choices in Today's World

During World War II there was the group of 12, a brave bunch of saboteurs. In the late sixties the group of seven was the name given to seven of Canada's famous artists. Now only a decade later we have the group of eleven. No they are not a group of saboteurs or artists but they are both brave and famous. They are the group of landplanners who endeavored to go where no group had gone before, to explore new frontiers in Land use planning. This brave knowledge seeking band drove over 1500 miles, through traffic congested cities, snowstorms, fog, and darkness, to attend the land use conference in Omaha Nebraska. Both the sponsors and the people attending the conference (sponsors were the Soil Conservation Society of America) were awed by their enthusiasm and endurance to

attend the conference. (IN other words, they felt that anyone who would drive so far to attend a conference is either very, very, very, enthusiastic or just plain crazy; and we know that no one at Mac is enthusiastic.) The trip down was uneventful only in terms of disaster. There was no disaster. There was however many sights to see through Chicago and many of the corn belt states.

The Conference

The conference was entitled "Land use: Tough Choices in today's world," and consisted of these themes; land for food and fiber, land for living space, and land for natural space. The first theme indicated that there was great concern over the development of a National land use policy in the U.S. Several case studies were presented, all concerned with giving maxi-

and 15 mg. for adults are the normal daily requirement and as importantly, this vitamin is retained by the body. Four slices of whole grain bread with margarine would provide this amount.

Yet some advocates promise mega-quantity consumption — available in Vitamin E pills of 100 mg. and greater — will treat conditions as diverse as dystrophy, heart conditions, impotence, even poor athletic ability. But this pill-popping isn't eating its pharmacological dosage. Moreover, experiments have not proved these claims. Worse are the chances that medical treatment will be delayed while an individual, who has followed these claims, waits for a magical cure.

One thing is not magic though, myth and medicine is a very profitable combination. The expansion of 'health food' stores has been phenomenal. Paranoia reigns, people are afraid of food and are goaded into buying 'organic' products. Certainly when the 'health food' shelf appears in the supermarket, one knows that there is a dollar or two to be made. Thus onto the back of a trend that encourages people to question their relation to the natural environment, to the food produced in it, has climbed the free enterprisers.

Caveat emptor, deception of the consumer is an old trick, knowledge of nutrition a better remedy.

mum protection to agricultural lands. This would be done through zoning and differential tax assessment programs. The Theme on living space consisted mainly of case studies in Massachusetts, Marchan Township, and Minneapolis. Some solutions to the land use problems in these areas that were discussed were — control to encourage or discourage certain types of land use and the study of the costs and benefits of regulation. An interesting discussion took place on the land use impact of the

the land use impact of the housing consumer.

The third theme, land for natural space was a presentation of case studies outlining specific projects. The only major problems discussed were those of acquisition of the land for natural spaces and how it

could be used effectively for the people in the area. A good summation of the case studies would be that they showed the attempts of several states to plan for the need and desire for natural spaces.

All in all the conference was a success from the point of view of the sponsors. Over 500 attendees made it a very interesting conference and did wonders for the financial aspects. It was also a success from the point of view of the group of Eleven who had quite a learning experience and who met many interesting people at the conference not to mention at DINGO'S.

In 1979 another conference will be held in Ottawa and anyone who is interested about how our land is used or misused, should attend.

Pierino Marella

Resource Economics and Mismanagement

The D.O. R.E. M.E. held an emergency meeting after the last issue of the Harvest came out. All members were terribly upset because they were under the impression that the club news would be printed in our illustrious paper. Since it wasn't, they blamed the public relations officer for her usual mismanagement in not making the deadline.

However, when the feathers settled and the tar cooled, the P.R. officer was able to gasp, "But I did submit it on time." before lapsing into unconsciousness.

The club then marched en masse to the C.C. where they held a riot outside the Harvest office, chanting "We want Jan! We want Jan!" before finally breaking down the door. When the feathers settled and the tar cooled, Jan with a faint voice said, "I'll run it in the next issue." before lapsing into unconsciousness.

On March 23 we held a short meeting to discuss upcoming events. First, it was decided that we would, indeed have to stage some special event for April Fool's Day, but we could not decide on just what that would be.

So we moved on to our next item on the agenda which was the celebrations for graduating students in Resource Economics and Mismanagement.

Plans were for our graduates to attend a dinner at 24 Sussex Drive, but some of our members have expressed some doubt as to whether Margie will be in town (no doubt another case of mismanagement), so we have made alternate plans for our grads to have dinner with the directors of the James Bay Development Corporation from whom it is expected they will learn much about resource economics and mismanagement.

It was also brought up at this meeting that other student organizations have travelled this year partially funded by the S.R.C. It was decided that we should request financial assistance from the SRC to send our entire membership to New Brunswick to spend the summer studying the mismanagement of the water resources of the Saint John River.

On March 24 the D.O. R.E. M.E. finally moved into its new headquarters just down the street from the old headquarters. There had been much debate over whether or not we should move, but we finally reached a decision to go ahead only to be delayed by the movers. However, we are now at least there (even if still in boxes and crates) and we think we made the right decision since the rent is lower and there is much more space for the crowds that attend our meeting. Besides, we get along fairly well with our neighbours and they don't seem to be bothered by the strange goings-on at our meetings.

As public relations officer for the Disorganization of Resource Economics and mismanagement, I would like to take the opportunity in this the last issue of the Harvest for the year, to thank my fellow majors for making my job such a rewarding one. Sometimes it has been frustrating (like trying to find out when we were going to get a new major professor after being without one for almost two months) and sometimes dangerous (like the tar and feathers), but I have learned things this year I shall never forget. I am especially grateful to all of those who made me feel so welcome — as if I really belonged — in the Disorganization of Resource Economics and Mismanagement.

Cont. from Page 6

difficulty family farmers across Canada have in competing with vertically integrated food producers.

M. Claude Aubert, a french agronomist dealt with the specifics of converting conventional farms to biological agriculture, especially those without animals.

Ken Rubin and Joseph Collins spoke separately on nutrition and Canada Food Week (held February 11-19). The myths he and Francis Moore Lappé presented in their book, "Food First" have been printed in the last issue of the Harvest (March 21, 1977). Joseph Collins stated that countries could be self-sufficient in many of the crops they import if not for the economics involved in raising cash crops such as tobacco and sugar cane.

Ms. Suzanne Peters spoke with Sam Smith, and showed films on biological farms in Europe. Mr. Smith emphasized the practicality of some of the

farms that put their cattle bedding on top of grates outside which proved to be a more efficient way of collecting urine. It was therefore easier to store and allowed little nutrient loss.

The seminar series will continue next year, starting in September. It is a good opportunity for students and nonstudents to meet and discuss topics of interest often not adequately presented in courses at Macdonald. Any interested people are welcome to attend a meeting (date will be publicized in Mouthpiece) to discuss next year's programme. The group is open to new ideas — maybe even a positive format change (the present format has been constant for the past two years.) Also graduate students with a topic they would like to discuss at a future seminar can contact M407 at any time.

There will be a conference on biological farming held in Lennoxville at Bishop's University April 16 & 17. Some

people from Ecolifestyles will be going and might have room in their cars if anyone needs a ride.

Books on all aspects of biological farming, nutrition and energy are available in M407. The Gamma Project Reports (Peter Syndell's discussion) and Claude Aubert's books are there.

Thank-you to all those who attended and contributed to the series. See you in September.

**HAVE
A GOOD
SUMMER**

FROM THE
HARVEST STAFF

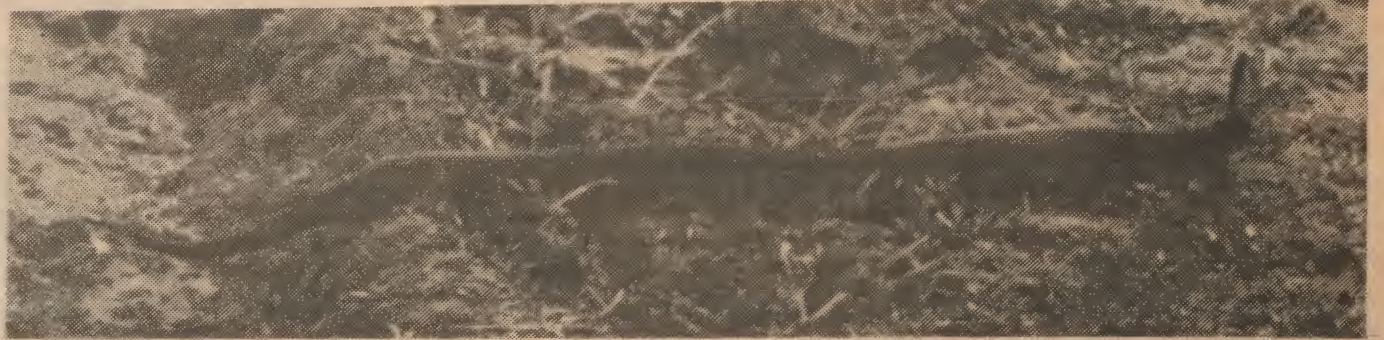
Texas Trip

For Texas we left from St. Annes
Crammed into a couple of vans
The trip was a hit
But the vans smelled like shit
For we rarely stopped at a can.

There once was a fellow named Eric
Whose manners, some thought were barbaric
He'd drive and he'd drive
From six until five
And latecomers drove him hysteric.

Ross, our favourite technician
Was also quite a magician
His nose, in the heat
Turned into a beet
But not at his own volition.

There was a man named Mike Gillingham
You couldn't find a more willing — ham.
He thought is fun
To pile pun upon pun
Till we toyed with the thought of killing him.
Jean came along just to see
How March in south Texas could be
It cost him naught
His boss paid the shot
The best things in life are free.



With Banjo Bill Brodie along,
How could the music be wrong?
He is quite verbose
and incredibly gross
He's fountain of filth in a song.

Margaret took the wheel with a glower
And proceeded to apply the horsepower
Were we ever lucky
The whole state of Kentucky
Passed by in just half an hour.

Texas rattlers that resemble large cow pies
Can slip unnoticed past untrained eyes
But MacCulloch the herper
And avid beer slurper
Was not once fooled by such a disguise.

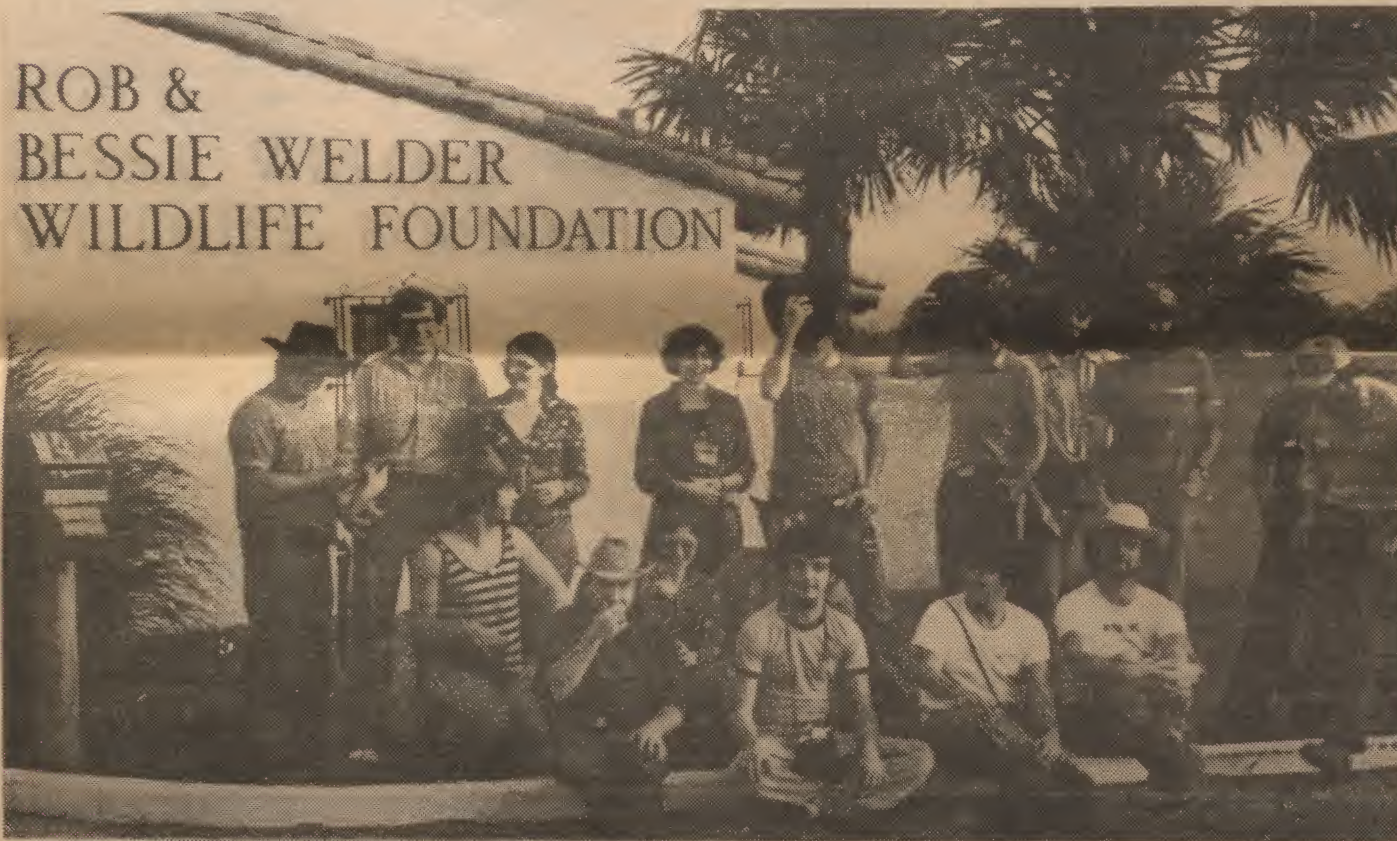
The ladies, not smelling like flowers
decided that they would take showers
While the men with full bladders
Got madder and madder
As they waited outside for hours.

George Collin, quite a nice guy
Tequila, he wanted to try
He started all right
But went out like a light
After only one bottle was dry.

The first few nights were confounding
The noise was simply astounding
then we found out
Beyond any doubt
Grant's snores off the walls were resounding.

A Day in the Life of Captain Potte ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

ROB & BESSIE WELDER WILDLIFE FOUNDATION



Now Eric composed with his hand
You'd think he was leading a band
He'd wave in the air
His pipe everywhere
But his limmericks always got canned.

A man named Kabbash, so we've heard
Thinks observing Aves absurd
In water a widgeon
In air just a pidgeon
'Cause to Andy a bird is a bird.

Said Bob "All these clothes are a bore"
So never a shirt he wore
In search of a tan
Through the Mesquite he ran
And emerged with his back all tore.

There once was a man Captian Potte
well known for his one-legged trot
the story they say
started one hot march day
and is told by Texas Trippers a lot

For breakfast he was given a wiener
and his face, well you should have seen-her
although little was said
as the relish was spread
his face turned greener and greener

When time to go, he was found
in the can depositing a mound
still feeling the pits
he was dragged out by Fritz
and for Arkansas refuge was bound
Well, concerning this man, Captain Potte
and the new boots in Laredo he bought
in search of a whooper
in his usual stupor
he lost his left boot, the dumb sot

Rosco drove Potte back to the spot
where the boot had been lost, they thought
but an armadillo bite found
while hobbling around
to his alarm he added a snap shot
Although they day was quite hot
much gas in the tank they had not
they kept on and were bold
and low and behold
it was found in the parking lot

In Arkansas they still speak a lot
about that day in march so hot
when a cute little critter
in the roadside litter
made Potte do the one-legged trot

ROSCO AND THE BOX

While the sight of a roseate spoonbill
Gave Pete a really big thrill
The sight of a thrush
Gave him such a rush
You should have heard him call "Whip poor will"

There once was a lady Miss Shaar
Who went with us to Pharr
She and her Beau
Put on quite a show
Though it wasn't quite up to par.

An ambitious photographer, Grant
Took a picture of every plant
That grew in the sand,
On water or land
From Laredo down to the Atlant'

There was a Brazilian, Jovino
Whose strange eating habits did we know
H'd belt back raw eggs
With a kick of his legs
And not need to drink any Eno.

Ms. Bently was heard to exclaim
"The job of chief cook I do claim."
Gave us hot dogs for breakfast
On the day we left Texas
And made Doucet take all the blame.

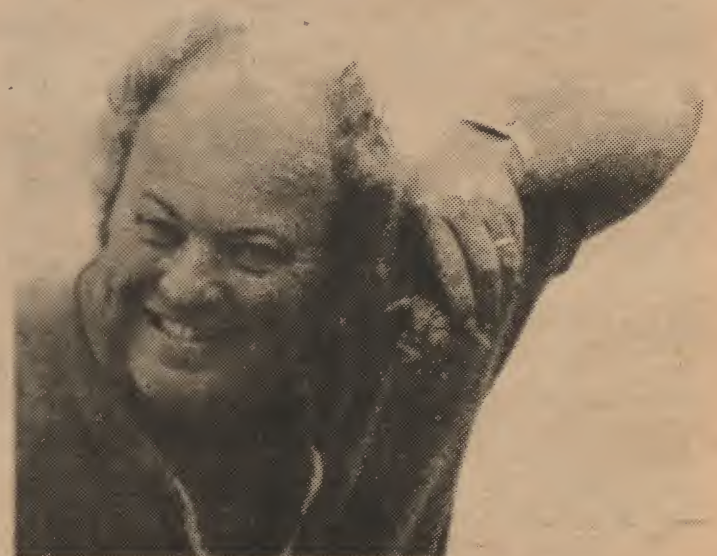
Mireille would say "None for me"
When we sat down for our eating spree
But we didn't feel snubbed
When she turned down our grub
As long as a yogurt had she.

After a breakfast of weiners
Came the event — should have seen'er
At the great coin toss
Chris showed all who's boss
By taking us all to the cleaners.

By
The
Texas
Trippers

Margaret, keen to see new land
Said "I'll swim the Rio Grande"
So keen was she
A wetback to be
That the others had to take her in hand.

There once was a bunch of nerds
Who went to Texas to look at the birds
When they had finished
Keeness had diminished
And they left saying four letter words.



The Chief was along to show us
And we were impressed by his prowess
But some of our antics
Made him quite frantic
He often wished he didn't know us.

Caribbean Spring Dance



Meadow

uffins

It is with a heavy heart that I am obliged to make the following announcement. Our missing reporter is still being held by the F.S.U.S. and it is my belief that he will never again see the light of day. We have been in constant communication with Dr. Idziak's office, but they refuse to negotiate his release. After much pleading, they did allow us a 5 minute telephone conversation with our brave reporter. The transcript of our conversation follows.

Ed. Are you well?

M.M. Not too bad, not to bad, (sniffles). It's a little damp in here, but I'm getting used to it.

Ed. How are they treating you?

M.M. Well, I can't complain (sniffles). These girls from food science have been real nice. They come down several times a day with food and cigarettes, as well as any other needs I might have (laughs). They also left me that bag full of pot (laughs) so I've been sleeping alot. That and watching T.V.

Ed. They let you watch T.V.?

M.M. Sure, man. Yesturday night I saw Ken Kesey on the tube. Remember him? He was the original flower child, and I mean original. He was dropping acid in the 50's. He's really too much. His brain still works and everything, man.

Ed. There are many people on campus that are terribly worried about you. Can you recollect just what happened on that fateful day?

M.M. Well, I woke up in the back of a car kind of groggy. That pot was really wicked, man, (long pause). There were food science girls all around me. They muttered something to the driver about a church. All of a sudden, we stopped and I was ushered into a confession booth. I was so confused that naturally I couldn't think of much. I told the priest that I had kissed a sister on the lips the other day, and thought I had committed a grave sin. An arm came through the curtain, grabbed me firmly by the shoulder and said "Son, just don't make it into a habit." Then the girls grabbed me, ushered me back to the car, blindfolded me and soon locked me up.

Ed. These food science girls seem almost inhumanely cruel. Are they acting on their own free will?

M.M. No, man. Idziak has got them in some kind of trance. He's got to be the second best animal trainer of all time.

Ed. Who was the first?

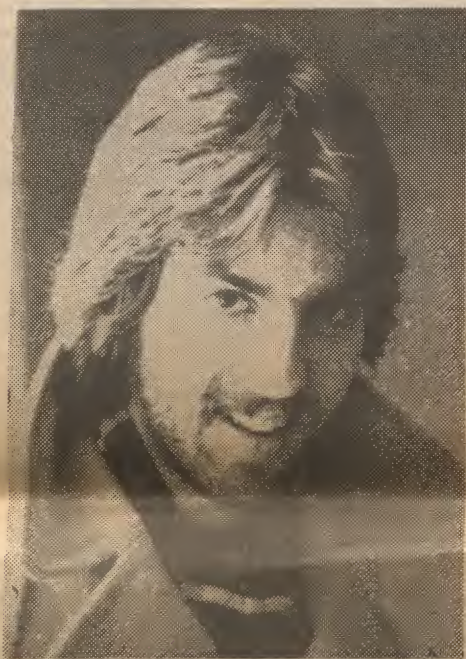
M.M. Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?

Ed. Very funny. You seem to be in good spirits.

M.M. Like I told you, its good pot.

Ed. Any last closing words before we go?

M.M. Watch out for meadow muffins.



IN MEMORIUM
Harvey L. Glick
[1955-1977]



Sunday Morning in Charlettetown

the wind is silent
all the world knows it's Sunday
the air is salty clean
in the mist and fog
Charlettetown remains huddled
on the other bank
the boats lay asleep
swaying gently with the tide
while the ferry docked
a clamchowder lunch
with seven crazy cowboys
to start the new day

the end of the day
night falls slow at Rocky Point
by the ferry dock.

Harvey Glick



Zugunruhe

By Chris Wood

BILL'S COOKING CORNER

VEGETABLES

Here are a few recipes for vegetables, maybe you've tried, them, maybe not, but vegetables are darn good for you and everyone should get a good serving of them at every meal. Raw salad vegetables should be eaten frequently, but for a different touch, and not too much trouble, try these when you've got your vegetable under way.

Zucchini, wash and cut in 1/2 inch slices and dredge in flour seasoned with salt, pepper and paprika. Fry slowly until crisp and brown. You can eat them like this or with tomatoe sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese and broil a few minutes.

Stuffed tomatoes, wash, 6 medium tomatoes, not too ripe, they should be firm. Cut a thin slice from the stem end and spoon out the pulp and seeds. Sprinkle the shells with salt and pepper and drain upside down for 10 minutes.

To the pulp add 6 tbsp. bread or cracker crumbs, 1 tbsp. chopped onion, 1/2 clove garlic finely chopped, salt, pepper and oregano, just a pinch. This stuffing is fine, but if you have some cooked shrimp, put it in by all means. Other herbs may be added to your taste. Bake them in a pan or cupcake tin at 350° F for 20-30 min. or until bread crumbs are browned.

Kohlrabi is delicious if sliced thinly and sprinkled with salt, pepper, and vinegar.

I was just thinking about pickled eggs too. Not a vegetable, but so what. Boil some eggs until hard enough to peel, about 5 min. Peel, then boil in fresh liquid which is 1 part water, 1 part vinegar. Boil 5 minutes, cool, put in a jar and in the fridge. They are ready to eat when they are cold.

Streaker nabbed

By Tom Ladd

St. Anne's finest were right on the job, late last thursday night when they nabbed a perverted, degenerate U1 student running across campus. Following the student (who we'll call Mr. A — although his real name is Atlas Chang), were hordes of Stewart Hall F.S.U.S. girls crying "Come back Mr. A, we love you!"

The police took the student into custody after he collapsed into a snowbank muttering "Take a number please". Following a brief incarceration, Mr. A was brought up before the magistrate where fortunately the charges were dropped, due to the fact that the evidence wouldn't stand up in court.

It's that time of year again when all the nuts come out of the woodwork to speak up on the seal hunt controversy. Every year this scene takes on the appearance of a three-ring circus! This year, in ring number 1, we have Franz Weber, a Swiss idealist who has taken it on himself to stop the annual hunt of baby seals off the coast of Newfoundland. He hopes to raise between \$3 million and \$5 million by selling stuffed replicas of baby seals at \$20 each to nature lovers around the world. Each imitation carries a tag with the message; "Your purchase of this replica will help save the life of a baby seal." How nice!

In ring number 2 we have Paul Watson this year's leader of the Green-Peace expedition. He is now in hospital for injuries he suffered when he handcuffed himself to a ship's

cable hoisting seal pelts aboard. Reports say he has a dislocated shoulder. Maybe they should be checking his head!

In ring number 3 is Brian Davies, executive director of the International Fund for Animal Welfare. This "guardian of the baby seals" has been charged with 4 counts of breaking the Seal Protection Act by flying withing 2,000 ft. of a seal. Good stuff, Brian, a sighting doesn't really count unless you can see the whites of their eyes.

We nearly had a guest appearance this year in the form (and what a form!) of Brigitte Bardot. Unfortunately her anti-sealing protest is completed and she has left the country. "I'm disgusted" she remarked to reporters as she made her way back to a private plane. Mr. Davies was to meet her in St. Anthony, Nfld. to fly her to the seal hunt, but left without her when she failed to show up on time. She was 20 minutes late. This might suggest

that Mr. Davis is nuttier than we first imagined. After all, how many men get the chance to seal up a relationship with Brigitte Bardot?

Enough of that garbage and onto the real garbage, the no-deposit, no-return soda bottle. In some areas, this is appearing in a new, more hideous form, as a plastic container.

The plastic bottle has already been introduced into Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Indiana - and Coca Cola says it is gradually extending the program to cover the whole country. Plastic bottles, the company says, are nearly half the weight and risk of breakage is reduced. However, our pollution load will rise as well as our use of petroleum to make the plastic. Progress marches on!

On the bright side of the recycling field is Canada Waste Paper Company. As you may know, S.T.O.P. and other conservation groups will not take

A Crappie Tail

Mike GILLingham, alias the red-headed word-pickker, and myself were packed into one of the vans like sardines (already a disaster) returning from Texas with the rest of the groupers when the tide of the conversation ebbed towards fishing. "I'd sure like a beer" I said, "can you spot me a fin?"

"Shore", said. I replied, "Phare trout!"

Maria, not herring what was going on, turned to Grunt to find out what I was basking for. "I have an ocean I sea food, let's stop for some burgers, but hold the grunions."

"Okay, you guys, pike down" said Eric in a bass voice, "I think I smelt something." At this point Margaret fell off her chair screaming "I can't take it, ten dace with you guys is driving me nuts."

"Wait a minnow now" said Alison in a faint voice, "everything will be hunky doré."

"My Cod" cried Ross, "these limericks are giving me a haddock!"

"I think he needs his sturgeon" whaled Box, "but I need a carp so stop at the next bass station."

"Clam up you shrimp, don't be such a crab," said Andy flexing his mussels, "or I'll knock you off your perch with a beautiful shiner."

"Eeel do it too," said George, "just for the halibut."

"This trip is floundering, it has no porpoise" said Chris, "but the jokes are tipping the scales in shark fashion."

"I think someone should be oystercized," said Ken, fishtailing across the line.

As it turned out we were all really good chums and had a neap time, but school was on our minds and we had to get back to Mac or else!

Sealed with a fish
The Red Headed Wordpicker
Blue Birdie

Livestock Club to Form

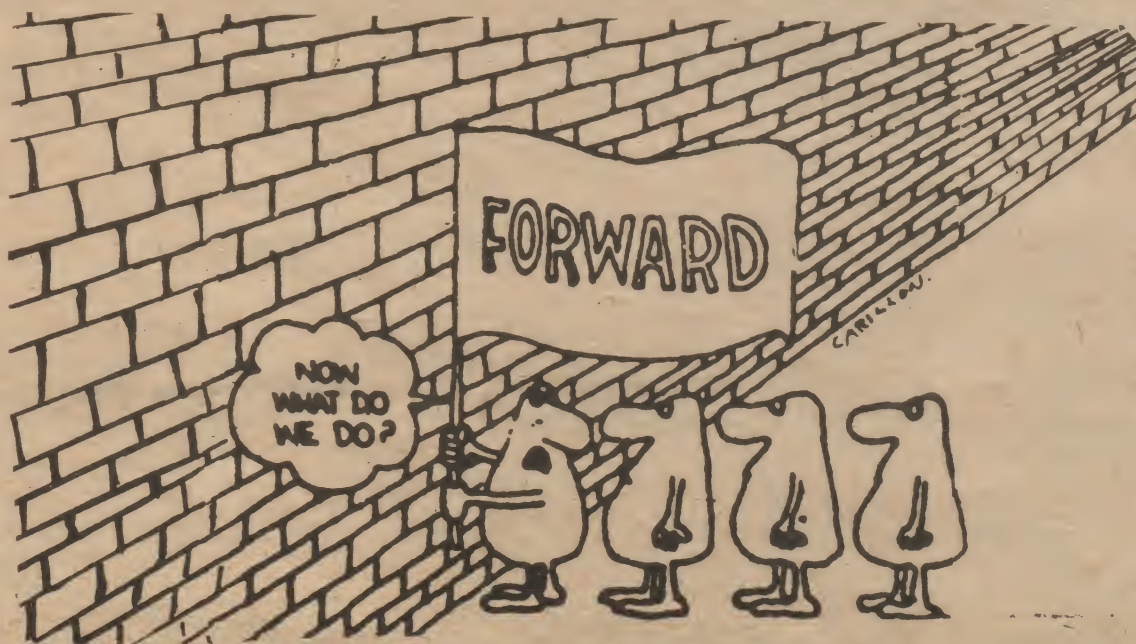
This is a reminder to all interested people, that there will be a "livestock club" on Macdonald Campus next year.

The Livestock Club executive met recently to formulate activities for the upcoming semester. If the interest exists, field trips, visit of club to Royal Winter Fair, judging competitions, orientation get together, possibly interclass showmanship and judging compitions at

the College Royal, guest speakers of interest on agricultural oriented topics, and possibly a two day Livestock Show in the spring, are tentative activities.

The club is open to all General Agriculture, Animal Science, and Diploma students and to anyone else with livestock interests.

Hope to see you all there at the opening meeting of the Macdonald College Livestock Club next fall.



Philosophically Speakingor "Pass that Ball Doidge"

By Roscoe Maculloch
& P. Tucker

The word "toad" has always had poor connotations. To call someone a toad has always been a put down, to wit: "You toad!!" The word conjures up the animal itself; low-down, creepy-crawly and generally, well, toadish. One would question the sanity of anyone who would volutarly choose such a name for themselves.

All this changed dramatically, however, on the evening of March 21st, under circumstances with which we are all familiar. The word "toad" now shines forth as brilliantly as the hood ornament on a zamboni. But all's not lost. take heart, all you would be denigrators. There exists a new word for your use. That word is "bird".

On the aforementioned evening a dynasty was shattered. For two years running, a broomball team called Dave's Birds (ridiculous name) had run rampant over all opposition, not losing a single game during this time. Yes, throughout these two years they not only played like no other team before, but they actually raised the game of broomball from its home among the lesser sports — tiddly winks, monopoly, checkers, to a "major M" spot at Macdonald College. Broomball is without a doubt, Quebec's National sport and Dave's Birds were the best. Along the way it produced a host of stars including some who split to form a new league. (Paule Bussieres, Jacqueline

Heydia, among others). But the task of defending the Bird fell upon the old guard — A Nation's heros. Yes, the Birds lost (sorry Perry) but they will never die. Young children everywhere will still be fighting over who will be Dave's Birds in a street broomball game. As you wald the streets of Park Extension, you will always here children's voices yelling "Blondeau to Bird to Lepage - shoots, scores!!" And for hundreds of years to come little youngsters will be replaying the game over and over again, cying in their sleep "Why, how did you fail us Birds!?" The crime rate will rise, school dropouts will increase, there will be no tomorrow.....Dave's Birds were to Quebec, what the Marseillaise is to France. Even this reporter shed more than a few tears. How did it happen.

How did this black, dark, terrible day come about. (or was it a sunrise)

The game was never in doubt after the first period. But to the thousands of fans in the arena, it was ecstasy as at 4:28 of the first period Martin (Berthier) Silverstone split the defense and whistled a shot past Rick Baxter. A stunned Rick Baxter I may add. Over confidence reigned on the Bird's bench. Another day, another game, another championship. "Yawn". But wait, Sylvain Payant, stealing the ball from Greg Muise, shooting, scoring. One minute later Tucker tabing the Struger pass, fighting past player after player then scoring. Dave's Birds had been score on more times in two minutes than in three years. It was unthinkable, unbelievable, but it was not the

end. This was not to be the bird's night as first Mike Gillingham and then Steve Struger scored what could only be described as the world's two most heartbreaking goals. The sould of a nation died at 4:28 of the third period when Steve lifted the ball over a postrate Bob Lepage. But giving up was the last thing on the Bird's mind. They flooded into the Toad's zone time and time again, finally aging veteran Bob clark passed to aging owner Dave Bird who passed to young Rookie sensation Martin Silverstone who scored. The score was 4-2 and the crowd sensed a comeback. They were almost right, for a few seconds later, François Blais came hurtling down the wing, faked out the goal tender and passed the ball across the open net to Perry Marella. **But Perry was not there!!** Where was Perry? On the Right Wing?In goal?...NO!! Perry was in Omaha Nebraska getting drunk with Karen Beauchemin and Marie Bussierie who had been paid to lure him away. Thanks a lot Perry!! Leaving your team for a couple of sleazy women. At least if they had been pretty..... Oh well, you can't expect much from an Italian — and those french girls are so persuasive.

Well its raining outside and its cold, but somewhere the sun is shining and there a young man is sitting beside a pond under a tree with a beautiful girl.....There are birds singing in the trees and toads croaking in the water. The young man leans over and whispers into the girl's ear "Mon amour, you are as graceful as that little toad, and your voice not unlike its croaking'...She slaps his face and walks away.

Big
Eric

Double Fishn' Cheeser




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U1 Clinches Hockey Title

By Elliot Lehman

With an incredible display of stamina and showmanship, the U1 hockey team won the interclass hockey championship last week. For the first time in the history of Mac, a hockey final was started and finished in less than 24 hours. In a stunning upset over U2 in the semi-final U1 took the second and third games in classic fashion. To say that the team was hard-hitting would be no understatement.

A tally of 20 - 30 stitches, 15 - 20 broken hockey sticks and 5 trips to the Lakeshore General was added up by the end of the game. Both teams shared these costs. The final however was rather anti-climactic, the two underdogs meeting for the championship. U1 had taken 4 out of 5 games during the season and so felt they had things all wrapped up. Too bad the staff team didn't think so! Robert McEwen came out hitting hard with what must be the hardest elbows in the league. After a number of missed offsidies, sloppy penalty calls and other unmentionables, staff team was out in front 4-2 with a mere 8 minutes left to play.

At this point, U1 felt that things would not be as easy as they had thought, and so started shooting. Well, it started off with power play goals by Ross Gill and Mike Beauchamp who sent the game into not one, not two, but three over-time periods. "Big Norm" Renaud playing right wing swung over the blueline, split the defense and let loose a scathing shot in the staff net. Stopped.....no.....the puck just rolled over the goal line. SCORE!!! Just about the whole staff team reached for the rolling puck, but to no avail. Final Score 5 - 4 U1.

18 hours after the first game, the second was underway. U1 came out flying with a fresh goaltender and jumped to a 3 - 0 lead on a goal by Ross Gill and two by Yves Menard who played a superb game despite being crosschecked, slashed and bled (You should have seen what U1 did to staff; Uch!!!, my stomach turns just thinking about it. Ed.) The game came to a climax with the score 4 - 2 and the series 2 - 0 for U1: a tough team that clinched the interclass shield for the U1 class.

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